

Dont know what it was a about

by Kirychan1226

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Summary: Part of my 'scraps' collection. Now I'm not entirely sure what it was about, since I couldn't even open it. I hate having an unlicensed Microsoft office! If I'm correct and can remember, I think it was about mpreg or something? Or was it the character's dimensions colliding? CAN'T REMEMBER! However If I'm correct... DTK and Rin. My two favorites from those mangas. .3.

Dont know what it was a about

'**When one's head is in the clouds; one's heart gets wet.**'

My name is Soul Eater Evans, a death scythe at DWMA. My Meister is Maka Albarn, a scythemeister, obviously. She defeated the Kishin with a punch, gone through multiple idiots cutting them down, _forced _me to give her 'cute and fluffy' angel wings to fly, and she even saved Kiddo-kun from even more experiments, since Medusa just didn't know how to stay dead. First she was cut down and stuck part of her soul into a child, the next she was cut by Maka's anti-magic wavelength, freeing the little brat. But she had another back-up plan, tooâ€¦ Using black blood from her early experiments with it. And what she did to Cronaâ€¦ unacceptable. But she got what she deserved. Now, we're just casual students at the Death Weapon Meister Academy, part of the 'Spartoi', a type of elite group of two-star Meisters and weapons. However, Kid's been acting quite off lately, and even Shinigami-sama himself is concerned for the symmetry-loving fourteen year-old.

Maka skipped up ahead to the classroom, leaving me behind to drag my feet slowly on the floors, eventually arriving at the said classroom. A group of elated girls surrounded Kid, who looked nervous. I rolled my ruby colored eyes and walked into the classroom with my hands shoved into my pockets. I forced myself to put on a face of disinterest, but I was actually quite intrigued in what had sparked everyone's attention.

Kid seemed to get redder by the second, and suddenly he seemed to click, jumping over the tables and escaping the crowd. He ran over to sit by me and Maka, wedged in between the both of us.

Maka gave him a look of sympathy, and he sighed quietly. "They've all been like this since I returned from a 'classified' mission."

I raised an eyebrow and glanced over in Kid's direction, making him shift uncomfortably in his seat. "Care to tell, or look there and blush until you look like a dis-colored tomato?"

Maka snickered and shook her head. "I don't think he can, it seemed a pretty serious and delicate topic to the others." I tilted my head curiously, the emotion laced into my voice. "Others?"

Kid nodded slowly and stared at the desk. "Liz and Pattyâ€ they won't even say anything, though I should be grateful for it." I crossed my wrists behind my head and leaned back in the chair. "If none of you can tell, then don't."

Kid rested his chin in his palm, the desk still seeming so amazing at the moment to him. "But I canâ€ It's just, whether or not anyone would believe meâ€" Kid's voice seemed to drift off in disappointment, but the sudden breath on my neck alerted me of his stalker group's presence.

"We'd believe you, totes Kiddo-kun!" Kid turned his head slowly to the crowd of girls and a few boys, a look of disappointment written all over his symmetrical features. I blinked slowly, registering my own thoughts of the words of others.

Kid sighed, shaking his head. "Fine. I was sent to inspect a gap in a dimensional wavelength." The crowd had poker-faces, not understanding what he meant. He facepalmed, groaning. "I should have expected this;" Kid said tiredly to himself.

Taking in a shaky deep breath, in a high-pitched voice Kid quickly spoke out a version for dummies of what he had said earlier. "It means there's a portal to anotherâ€ world, unlike ours!" A few sounds of understanding came from his fangirls and fanboys, making him grumble to himself again.

Maka tilted her head confused, her green eyes seeming to shine with curiosity. Kid noticed this, and turned around to sit properly in his seat. I shooed away the crowd while ignoring their questions. I hardly understood any of it myself.

Kid still seemed nervous even after describing what he had been sent to investigate. Something most of went wrong, right? That had to be the only answer to his behavior.

After a few classes, it was finally lunch break. Everyone was delighted to get away from our maniac teacher's class, filled with dissection and soul studies. Mr. Stein had that little charm on how to creep people out. However, I knew I should confront Kid about his weird attitudeâ€ it's totally uncool.

"Yo, Kiddo-kun." I greeted him casually, walking up to him with my hands shoved in my pockets like usual. He seemed to be staring into the distance with wide eyes, devoid of any and all emotion.

His hands hung limply at his sides, and he gawked at the sky, not noticing my presence. "If you don't notice me I'll march into your manor and tilt one of your paintings three millimeters to the right, so it won't be symmetrical."

This caught the young reaper's attention, as he turned to look at me. "What do you want, Soul?" His voice seemed to have a hint of fear in it, as if he didn't want to know what I wanted to talk about. Unfortunately for him, I wanted to talk.

I snuck up to him, hugging him from behind. I mustered my best Japanese school-girl voice, causing the reaper to chuckle. "Oh, Kiddo-sempai~ Whatever troubles you master?! I shall kill any and all who wish to steal you from me~" The ends of my lips tilted upwards slightly, as my battled my eyelashes causing Kid to choke on air.

"Okay fine, what do you want?" He asked in a lighter tone. I unwrapped my arms from him, stepping back. I narrowed my eyes, staring at him with a shadow under my bangs that seemed to be more profound in the direction of the light. "What was your mission's results?"

Kid's breath hitched, and he averted his amber gaze. "I can't tell anyone." He spoke dejectedly, and his wavering voice seemed to scream out _don't ask me_ I wanted answers, however. "Dtkâ€|" He smirked slightly at his abbreviated name, but still looked forlorn in the eyes.

"I found a portal to another dimension. I traveled into andâ€| what me, Liz and Patty found thereâ€| is unbelievable. An entire world just like the Earth realm, but there's no Kishin or anything. No weapons or meistersâ€| justâ€| demons, and people who fight these demons. A constant corruption in their landsâ€| but, it seems their warfare is absolutely amazing. Guns, bows, swordsâ€| magical abilities and pets specifically made for fighting these demonsâ€|"

I blinked slowly, humming in thought. I could feel Kid's stare, looking for any signs of doubt. However, how shaken up him and his two pistols looked it couldn't be some terrifying dream. _People don't have the same dream, not three at once. They were really there, weren't they? _The wind seemed to pick up, howling in our ears to cast out the silence.

I looked up from the ground, my ruby eyes shining with mischief. I gave my shark-toothed grin, and Kid chuckled. The wind seemed to slap our hair into our faces, but we met some kind of understanding. "Sounds like we have to go exploring, eh?" Kid shrugged, though nodded slightly afterwards.

"Get the others, then. It's time for a very long missionâ€|"

I'm Rin Okumura, a half-demon. I'm also an exorcist, or what they call an 'exorcist in training', something like that. It's kind of difficult to get to the top when you're what is being hunted. My little brother, however, seems to have found it easy. Why? He's not the one cursed with blue flames, or better known as 'The Flames of Satan'. Yeah. We're the sons of Satan. We're actually twins, but apparently he was a weak little shit and couldn't be something like

me. That makes me special, right? Nope. I can cook, I love Christmas, I'm great at cooking for any occasion, I can paint and draw too (CIRCLES ARE ART TOO!) and yet, I still can't pick up any chicks. My brother walks through to get his pre-packed lunch early in the morning and all of the upper-classed girls and the lower classed girls flock to see him, or give him their lunches they made at home. _Just for him. _Last time he accepted any on Valentine's day he ended up sick and terrified of food. Bah! Just let me take over the popularity, I'd manage just fine!... No, actually I wouldn't.

"Oy, Rin!" A familiar voice reached Rin's ears, but he just turned over in bed mumbling to himself. "Nii-san, get up." Rin grabbed a pillow and covered his face, wordlessly saying he refused to.

Yukio sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Glasses can hurt a bit, to be honest. Shaking his head, Yukio sighed and crossed his arms. "If you don't get up now, I won't tell any of the upper-classed girls to say hello to you this morning."

Rin slowly slid the pillow off his face, glaring at his younger brother. Huffing in defeat, Rin slowly sat up. "Fine, I'm up. But isn't the cram school cancelled for today?"

Yukio let a devilish smirk sneak onto his face, a shadow covering his eyes. "That's exactly why I wanted to specifically train you for something;" Rin's tail curled around Yukio's hands, and the slight tug made the younger brother sit down next to Rin's bed.

"And what might that be?" Rin leaned forward, his raven colored hair pulled forth by gravity, covering his blue eyes. Yukio rested his head on the edge of the bed, while leaving his hands to try and tug away from Rin's tail.

"Don't tell me you already forgot what Mephisto told you?" Rin rolled his eyes. "I really don't care, there aren't any other demons around for anyone to go crazy over." Yukio chuckled, a slight hint of amusement in his voice.

"I would hope so, yet still you'll need to learn how to control those instincts like Mephisto and Amaimon did." Rin shifted uncomfortably, he disliked being compared to Amaimon and Mephisto. "I don't need help to learn how to control myself, I'll do just fine."

Yukio sighed and shook his head. Rin's tail unwrapped from Yukio's hand, signaling that he wanted to shoo him away. Yukio slowly stood up with a forlorn look on his face. "If you say so, Nii-san."

Exorcists. Exwire. I guess it's time to go to cram school. And maybe get myself some 'private' classes. I wonder who'll teach them, though.

End
file.